UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Editorial.

E was a profound scientist, as well good moralist, who said "nature ways at work eliminating the

LEGISLATIVE committee from gfield, consisting of three sena- and three representatives, are t to investigate the "sweating m in Chicago. The Chairman, or Newman, asks any one "who s of the manufacture of wearing el in improperly ventilated tene- houses to send the names and sses of such to me or to any ber of the committee."

E story of Herbert Spencer's e plugs," which he always keeps n for the purpose of putting n his ears whenever unprofitable rsation eddies about him, is go- e rounds of the papers. Perhaps ill become a modern invention, in building up character. How people's talk wooes the mind s serenity, lowers the standard gment and befogs the conscience. e of rattlers, and those who atmosphere with personalities, temporalities and trivialities that ought to be kept a clear medium through which far-reaching principles, simple truth, and unequivocal integrity should be discerned.

ST. LOUIS is reported as following in the footsteps of New York in organizing a noonday club consisting of millionaires. There are fifty charter members. The initiation fee is way up in the thousands and it takes a golden key to unlock any of the doors that confine its privileges. Just now the millionaires of Chicago are too busy with better business, founding Universities, furthering Columbian Expositions, etc. But there is no knowing how far the fell contagion may spread and so we modestly pray that we may be saved from such demoralizing influences.

SAID Recorder Smyth the other day to a woman convicted before him of keeping a disorderly house: "I do not think, Jennie Laurent, that you are half as bad as the man who betrayed you and established you in an infamous business, and I do not think that he is half as bad as the owner of the house you occupied. The owner of such a house is the person the people should prosecute."

The above clipping from the Twentieth Century strikes home in more ways than one. If the names of the men and women in Chicago who own houses rented for immoral purposes, were published, it would make a notable list, and if there were added the names of those who hide their identity behind a real estate agent, society would doubtless be scandalized.

IT is bad manners within the halls and upon the campus of the University of Chicago for either students or faculty to address the teachers as "Professor" or "Prof." Plain "Mr." is good enough from president to freshman. This almost Quaker simplicity is a relief all around, and will probably breed finer manners on the campus and in the class room than the old method of titling would. But we do not quite know how to reconcile this democratic simplicity with the attempt to introduce the University gown and shovel board hat everywhere in this University. These relics of the cloister and survivals of the monastery do not seem to fit well into a Chicago landscape, and are scarcely at home in a brand new nineteenth century institution.

WE print, in another column, a manly letter which is the plain utterance of a plain man, one who has spoken out of the heart. We ask how many of our readers, situated in similar circumstances, have been moved often to do likewise, but have been restrained for prudential or sympathetic reasons? Let such read the words of our friend Joiner, and remember that they come from one who also has many business interests, political aspirations, family ties, personal friendships all of which would cry "Hush, go on to the end of life as a nominal Presbyterian. Think your own thoughts but do not strain these relations." Still, in the face of all these he declared his own soul and is now a free man in directions where before he was a slave.

Reader, is there anything more precious than a clear atmosphere in which the spirit is to dwell? Go thou and do likewise. First, last and always seek intellectual integrity in matters of the spirit if you would be honest in business, helpful in charity, and noble in politics. We wish a hundred thousand business men in the Mississippi valley could read Mayor Joiner's letter and this note connected therewith. Will you not show these to as many of these men as possible?

ALBERT A. POPE, of Boston, is a great manufacturer of bicycles, and he may win fame and gratitude of the unborn for raising the art of advertising into a philanthropy. He is the tireless agitator for the improvement of the public roads of our country, and has succeeded in bringing direct pressure to bear both on national and state legislators. Meanwhile, he has been on the hunt for errors in school books, offering to give a "Columbian Expert" to any school teacher first finding a misstatement of fact in any school book studied in this country under authority of the school committee. A suggestive pamphlet of twenty-four pages is at hand setting forth the result of this curious hunt. The geographies seem to be the least infallible, but perhaps they are the easiest caught in their mistakes. It is a difficult matter to keep integrity in regard to tangible things. They are so willing to give testimony.

READERS of UNITY will enjoy with our associate editor himself this discerning and critical notice of his well-known and admirable little book. We clip it from a recent number of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, published by the students of Princeton College:

The Unending Genesis. H. M. Simmons. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

This is a popular presentation of the Mosaic Cosmogony, in which the author shows that the Scriptural narrative corresponds to the scientific order of creation. The treatment is from the standpoint of a Christian evolutionist.

Either there has been a landslide diverting travel from the old valley road of Biblical interpretation at this center of piety and learning, or the writer would seem to have adopted Sidney Smith's well-known rule for impartial reviewing. However, we sincerely congratulate our associate upon his semi-diploma for sound orthodoxy from an institution so well qualified to give it.

THE Western Sunday-School Society has put out a new edition of "Channing and the Unitarian Movement in America," by W. C. Gannett, it being series V. of the Unity Sunday-school lessons. It was first published in what seems to be the far off days of "75 Madison street." It is one of the earliest series that was given to our workers through the pages of UNITY. It filled a niche then in some of our Sunday-schools. Since that time the Post Office Mission and the Religious Study Class have been developed, and it is to meet these later wants that this new edition is called for. This is proof that it still fills a want. We commend it to those who want a short meter sketch not only of Unitarian history in the past but Unitarian thought and struggle up to date. It is suggestive reading to the student, as good for the closet as for the class. After reading this book those who look longingly backward for "Channing Unitarianism" will feel shaken up and will probably concede that they had better *wake* up and move on. Still Channing's works are prophetic rather than historic. To an English friend he wrote, "What is here called Unitarianism,—a very inadequate name,—is characterized by nothing more than by the spirit of freedom and individuality. It has no established creed or symbol. Its friends think each for himself, and differ much from each other; so that my book will give you *my mind* rather than the dogma of a sect."

"BLESSED BE DRUDGERY," the tireless sermon, still keeps going. As Unity Short Tract No. 13 it has reached its sixty-fourth thousand. The book "The Faith that makes Faithful," of which this is the initial and probably the chief propelling sermon, has reached its twenty-first thousand in the American edition, without counting the English editions of the same published by Lady Aberdeen, which, we understand, have had wide sale. Some portions of the book have also been published in German translations. This aggregate of eighty-five thousand of "Blessed be Drudgery," in pamphlet and book form, besides extensive newspaper publication in whole or in part, makes it by far the most famous Unitarian sermon, if not the most famous American sermon. We cannot now recall anything in the modern sermon line that has reached so wide a circulation except Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the World." And still we have heard of those who think that "it is a pity that Mr. Gannett should waste his time in preaching, that he ought to be confined to poetry." But preaching, like poetry, is a difficult thing to define. Perhaps when the secret of one is discovered it will almost do as an explanation of the other.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from an Illinois town sends us this question, "When it was proposed to discuss the following question 'Resolved that a Christian cannot consistently vote to license a liquor saloon' a preacher present objected to the question because the society contained some non-Christians and they were incompetent to discuss the question because they had not the experience of a Christian. The Christians present took the same view of the matter and the non-Christians yielded the point. What do you think of the position here taken by the Christians?" If it is right to be consistent, to live up to one's theory and to try to apply one's philosophy, the minister and his followers were right. If Christianity is an unique and supernatural gift, if it gives a new heart and a new conscience to the convert, and if the old heart was bad and the old conscience perverted, then, they were right. And as long as they think so they ought to act accordingly. But it is only so much the worse for Christianity, so much the more perplexing for its devotees. The common sense of the world, the testimony of science, the arguments of experience, the logic of events, not the exceptional and miraculous revelation of the Christian, or any other pretender to divine favoritism must solve these questions. The original question was faulty because it proposed to discuss a word, which

is ambiguous, of varied meaning and ever-shifting significance, as though it were a word definite in its connotation and concise in its meaning. Had such a question come up for debate it would have been necessary for some one to raise the previous question, viz: "What constitutes a Christian? Is it to believe in the Trinity, or to accept the law of brotherhood? Is it a matter of atoning blood, or golden rule? Is he most Christian who believes most creed or who does most good?" After this question is settled then you might go on and discuss the next, "Can a Christian consistently vote to license a liquor saloon?"

"The American Church,"—Not a New Fancy, but a Growing Vision.

Some of our friends are apprehensive lest Unity, in these days, is being lured from its steady trend into some tangential line, some side issue of the free church. We can hardly think that the careful reader of Unity can discover any great variation, certainly no contradiction in our recent utterances on this subject and the banner cry with which Unity began its existence 15 years ago when we elevated the principles of our motto, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion," above all words holding the full words Christian and Unitarian subordinate to, and tributaries of this higher synthesis, the stream of universal religion based in the native instincts of the heart, the universal behests of ethics.

Accidentally we came, the other day, upon some pages of a manuscript nearly four years old, devoted to a discussion of the Century of our Republic. From this manuscript we transcribe the following passage as our editorial word for this issue, we print it because of its familiarity and frankness in these columns; we print it to prove that it is more than a twice told tale this thirst for a union of all liberal forces, this hope for a Unitarianism that with or without the name will unite in co-operative helpfulness, those who believe that truth, righteousness and love are the superlative things in religion, a thirst for them an adequate basis for religious co-operation. We then said:

"This American church is coming, not by any outward authority but by the divine law of selection, the holy inspiration of necessity. It will be a church that will be a republic of the spirit standing for the freedom of soul, the democracy of hearts. It will be a church that will be as hospitable as our great country, a church that will recognize its only boundaries as being the primeval chaos on the one hand, and the everlasting judgment on the other: a church that will carry its eye from the radiant revelations of the northern sky to the glistening stars in the Southern Cross and then will say: 'These are limitations: they have their measure and their boundary, but the God we worship knows no limitation: the power we adore and the love we rest in are limitless as infinitude, yet as near as a mother's kiss and a child's caress, tangible as a woman's hand, helpful as a brother's word. This coming church, the American church that is to be, will, like the republic that calls it into being, accept as its task the tilling of the wild fields of soul, the conquest of the vacant fields of spirit; the converting of prairie wastes into gardens and orchards. Its business will be to reclaim the swamp lands of human nature, to tunnel the mountains of human prejudices and to bring in the millennium of love. What better symbol for such a church than this flag toward which the longing eyes of fettered slave have been turned in passionate prayer, and the approach of which they hail with the ecstasy meet a signal from heaven, the flag that has been wrapped around the dead bodies of citizen soldiers who sought death, not for fame, but who asked to die that others might be free. This flag that has been the emblem of the new life, the beacon star for the better opportunity for children; which has lured peasants across the sea, has enabled young fathers and mothers to tear themselves from the embrace of all the tender ones, that under the stars and stripes their children might have larger life,—is it not already a religious symbol? The flag that is the first emblem of the nations molded by Christianity, recognizes its fraternal relation to Pagan governments, so-called, the flag of Lucretia Mott and Abraham Lincoln, shall not this become the emblem of a church broader than any sect, inclusive of all seekers after righteousness, a church that will not have one but many saviours, a church in which all truth-telling scripture will become holy writ, a church that will welcome into its folds emigrants from all faith, representatives of all creeds, disciples of any master, and will only ask loyalty to the great spirit of Unity. The transfigured motto of the United States will become the watchword of the American church, *E pluribus unum*, one in many, one purpose in many thoughts, one aim of different faiths, one meaning of many words, the unity of diversity.

It may be after all that what the ecclesiastic has missed the statesman may find. The churchman has lost the way to the heavenly kingdom. Maybe the statesman may put him on the right track. What Christianity in the name of a miraculous revelation has failed to establish, viz: The kingdom of peace, the kingdom of God among men, the American republic by the laws of nature and the study of the demands of justice may help to establish. Surely, under this flag our sympathies must be broad, our intellectual pretentions modest, our worship earnest and our ritual sincere, for so have these blessed fathers of the church of human freedom, the church of this world, the yet to be canonized saints of the American calendar, — Washington, Lincoln, Sumner and their fellows taught us.

A Quartette of Pamphlets.

The pamphlet is a convenient way of testing the vitality of a mental creation. If the production stands the test, it eventually finds its way into covers and becomes a part of the literary wealth of the world. If it is not to be thus perpetuated it has still contributed its mite of life and joy; it has found its own, and given its blessing. Much of the good thinking of our time, as well as the best scholarship, finds its way first into pamphlets. The "Tract" has a much wider significance than is given it in the missionary reports of the "denominations."

Here are four such "Tracts" in reality though not in name:—applicants for a permanent place in the thought world if it may be; ready to do the humbler work of the hour if such be the decree of destiny. The first is an address recently delivered before the Sunset Club of Chicago on the Homestead troubles by Z. S. Holbrook, a Chicago man who has passed through the ministry by means of an inventive brain, into wealth. Every page reflects the swinging confidence of a successful man. He has no doubt as to the integrity of his own opinions or the justice of his conclusions. Perhaps had he remained a poor parson where he might have studied, at shorter range, the problems of the "under dog in the fight," his sentences might have been softened in some cases, and his decrees somewhat qualified. But no one has gone the rounds of this labor perplexity and come to conclusions worthy of respect who does not admit into court the considerations here urged.

The next pamphlet contains three sermons by the Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, the successor of the lamented Oscar McCullough of Indianapolis. The topics are, "The Mind of Christ," "The Venture of Faith," and "The Face of God," discourses which bespeak the in-seeing mind which breeds the on-going man. Subtle, simple and helpful.

The next is a demonstration of the claim often made in these columns that the Liberal Faith is a lyrical one; that free thought inevitably flows into poetic measure; that the gospel of character is a hymning one. Ours is a belated word concerning the "Christmas Greeting" which the Second Unitarian Society of Brooklyn, Mr. Chadwick's, sent out to friends old and new. It contains sixteen different hymns written on different occasions, in the interests of this society and dedicated "to the pure, bright memory of Samuel Longfellow, who, from 1853 to 1860 was the beloved minister of the society." Seven of these are written by Samuel Longfellow himself, five by Chadwick, one by Samuel Johnson, one by W. H. Burleigh, one by John G. Whittier, and one by W. C. Gannett. Most of these have passed into the hymn-books of the Liberal Faith and have become household words in the goodly fellowship of the Free Church. What other church can we think of which has made so valuable a contribution in this direction to the spiritual life of the age it seeks to serve, as this Brooklyn church.

The last of our quartette of pamphlets is bathed in tender memories. It is of Henry Doty Maxson's lifemaking sermons, "The Helpful Ministry of Little Things." In reading these simple, frank sentences one can readily detect the secret of his power over the lives of those to whom he ministers. He took them into his confidence and brought the word of God nigh unto them. We trust that Mrs. Maxson will be able to rescue from his stenographic notes other of his half extemporized sermons. A volume of such would remind us more strongly of the skeleton sermons published after the death of Frederic Robertson than any other book on our shelves. Like Robertson he was sensitive, sincere and ever open to the light.

WHAT God wants is a great and generous heroism in willing and working for the good; the giving that, like the Christ, gives the whole being, and the courage, the self-sacrifice that stands for principle; that wills and does right for the sake of right, and not the cowardly cringing soul that fears penalty more than sin, and thinks more about "getting to heaven" than being fit for earth. There is a manly fear—the fear of doing wrong; the fear lest in the possibilities and perils of liberty one should be unworthy of the dignity of a free being; unworthy of the love and trust of the Father in heaven and the smiles of the angel world.—*H. W. Thomas, D. D.*

THE grave-yard is the world's great pulpit. No custom hinders, no prejudice prevents; men, women and children gather around it. Grief sings a song of the heart, memory recites the virtues of the dead to eager ears. Faith preaches the immortal life and all the voices say "Amen."—*Luther Laflin Mills.*

Men and Things.

INTENSITY of life is also intensity of he fulness.—*Ruskin.*

A MARBLE tablet and a stained glass w dow in commemoration of James Rus Lowell are soon to be found in Westmins Abbey.

FULGURITES is the name of the h which a stroke of lightning sometir makes when it strikes a sand-heap. It rifies the sand making a glass tube. Th are found from one inch to three feet diameter. These holes form rare curi ties in scientific cabinets.

SUTTER county, California, has been der a prohibition ordinance for the past y and the report of the board of supervis shows that the taxable property has creased over a quarter of a million doll that the tax rate has been reduced from $1 to $1 per hundred, that the jail is empty that there have been more buildings improvements in the county than in year in its history.

A ST. LOUIS Reform paper makes th ingenious verbal distinctions in the vari crimes to suit society requirements. "Th by a rich woman is kleptomania, by a r man, is shortage; by a poor man is steali Drunkenness by a rich man is dipsomania a well-to-do man is alcoholism; by a poor is delirium tremens. Gambling by a r man is speculation; by a well-to-do ma a flyer in stocks; by a poor man is betti

THE *Portland News* predicts the time the near future, when a paper-bound bo illustrated and well printed, can be s for five cents, so rapid is the advance m towards cheap type setting machines, ch stereotyping and art reproduction, etc. Sunday newspaper now contains five ti as much reading as an ordinary book; m and sometimes better illustrations than found in many books and these are sold five cents.

THE telephotoes is an instrument t will signal by means of the Morse telegr alphabet, messages across ten to fifeen m of darkness. Ships and lighthouses particularly delight in them. Profe Gray, of Highland Park, is busy in prepar for the practical introduction of the tela graph by means of which a man r transmit his own hand-writing across distances by telegraph. He sits down writes an ordinary letter and his fri reads it and recognizes the original ha writing fifteen miles away.

A BENEVOLENT nobleman wishes to sp £50 in supplying schools with *Union Ja* and would have it made one of the hon of the school for a boy to carry round flag while the other boys sing "Rule B annia." A wiser correspondent of the *quirer* thinks "if this idea were carried it is not too much to say that the mo would be spent immorally. By all me teach the boys to be patriotic, to love t country, and to pray for their count representatives and rulers, but that inso notion of ruling the waves, that igno idea that John Bull's flag must be flaun in every neighbor's face should only taught in schools as a fault to be 'win at', in our survey of the past, but t sternly condemned in the present and future."

THE New York *Sun* knows how to te big story. Even Munchausen, in this must be scientific if he is anything: "It fact well established by students of here that children are apt to inherit not only physical, mental and moral traits of parents, but to be influenced by their ag well. Children born of very young fath and mothers never attain so vigorou growth of mind or body as those of o men and women, while children of old p ple are born old. One of the most surp ing cases in medical history is tha Marguerite Cribsowna, who died in 1 aged 108 years. When ninety-four she married to a man aged 105. Three child came of this union, but they had gray h no teeth, were stooped, yellow and wrink decrepit in movement, and could eat bread and vegetables."

A RECENT compilation of figures in Department at Washington puts the num of Union soldiers who lost their lives f all causes during the war, at three hund and sixty-four thousand three hundred sixty-nine. Seven hundred and seventy thousand six hundred and eighty-se names are on the pension roll to- Surely war is an expensive thing, but f dom is worth the price if it could be bo for no less. The suggestion of some of anti-slavery friends before the war, tha government should buy out the entire property of the South, which, at the seemed so absurdly extravagant, would been a very economical transaction. S day we may realize that it would be a business investment to buy out the whi plant of the United States, compensat saloon-keeper, turn his poisons into street and put the traffic in it ever aft the same basis as the traffic in other poi

Contributed and Selected.

Heart and Hand.

In grief she bent above her work,
Her daily toil forever old;
A bitter cry was in her heart,
"Oh life, thy way is drear and cold.

With tears she bent above her work,
Her daily round with none to share,
A bitter cry was in her heart;
"I cannot find love anywhere."

But bending thus above her work—
Her daily task—she made this prayer:
"Forgive the bitterness of heart,
The selfish grief, too near despair."

And bending steadily to work,
Her daily toil was sanctified,
For peace and joy were in her heart—
To help was better than to chide.

And bringing sunshine into work,
And lightening daily toil with hope,
Gave to her life a brighter look,
And to her work a broader scope.

MRS. O. D. COLBORN.

A Manly Letter.

THE MAYOR OF POLO, ILL., BIDS GOOD-BYE TO HIS OLD CHURCH AND GIVES HIS REASONS FOR LEAVING.

To the Session of the Independent Presbyterian Church of Buffalo Grove and Polo:

GENTLEMEN:—I cannot introduce he subject of this paper in any better nanner, than by the following quotaion from Lowell:

"Once, to every man and nation,
Comes the moment to decide
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good, or evil, side."

That moment has come in my life, nd I write this to inform you, that I nust leave the Presbyterian Church, nd to request you to remove my ame from the roll of membership.

In taking this step, it is no more nan right and just that you should now my reasons for so doing, and I vill try and give them as briefly as ossible.

First, let me say that it is from no ersonal feeling against a single memer of your communion, as there is ot a man, woman, or child, in the hole world, whom I can not take by he hand, and call brother; and, I ssure you, there are none in your ommunion. No, the only reasons re purely on doctrinal grounds.

In order to make my meaning clear, shall have to go back a few years in y history, to the time I united with he Congregational Church at Chase, Michigan. I then did, what probbly ninety per cent of the members all churches do; gave my assent to ows and doctrines, entirely upon the dvice and explanation of other pares, and *did not* take the time or ouble to examine for myself. I now ook back upon that act, as one of the orst mistakes of my life. The only ing that I have to console me, is, at my *motive* was not bad; but my *dgment*, most assuredly was. I was ld then, that God had started the orld, perfect, but that, by Adam's ll, we were all under a curse, and at the only way of escape, was to et within the Church (much as one ould in a life boat), and that only e elect few would be saved, anyway, d the great mass of the human race ould roast in Hell, forever and forer. It seemed to me, then, a horble and unjust doctrine; but, as I d never heard of any other, supsed I must take that or nothing. must also add, that I was deeply grossed in business, and had little, no time to read and investigate for yself.

After coming to Polo, in the spring 1884, I commenced a series of ading and study, upon almost all bjects, and gradually, along with her subjects, took up the history of the different Religions of the world, but, at the same time, kept studying the Natural Sciences.

I had not perused my researches very far, before I discovered the fact, that all the great Religions of the world, had started with a few, simple ethical principles, and been gradually corrupted and changed, so that in a few hundred years, their original founders would not have recognized them at all. I found that the simple religion of *Love*, as taught by Jesus, in the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, had no more comparison to the average creed, in the so-called Orthodox churches, than light and darkness. I also found that the doctrine of the "Fall of Man," which is the foundation stone of all the creeds and statements of belief, had *no foundation in fact*, but was founded entirely upon tradition, and, that the evidence that man had commenced his career upon this Earth, but little better than an animal, and had, by a *gradual* and *natural* state of progression, reached the splendid position, he now occupies, was unimpeachable.

In following the men of science I saw that this stupendous universe was created, governed and controlled by universal law; "the same yesterday, to-day and forever;" and that, in a universe, governed by law, there was no room, nor no use, for miracle; and that God (instead of being the partial Tribal God I had been taught he was) was the great Father of *all* his children, and that he was educating and developing *all* his children, and loved them *all* from the most benighted heathen in Africa, to the most polished Christian gentleman or woman in any, or all parts of the earth. These conclusions are as well established facts, in my mind, as the law of gravitation; and I do not know of a great scholar, in any part of the world, who does not accept them. That they are ordaining men to preach in the Congregational churches in New England, that hold exactly these views, and with the approval of such eminent Congregational ministers as President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, I shall prove to you, by mailing each one of you a copy of the *Christian Union* of November 5, so you can see for yourself and not take my word for it.

That we are in the midst of the greatest religious revolution the world has ever seen, no one can deny, and I do not doubt, for one moment, but that all that is good, true and of value, will arise from the conflict, purified and ennobled and better prepared to regenerate the world than ever before; yea, a million fold.

You may say that I could still remain in the church and hold the above views. Admitting that to be true, I should still be false to God, false to truth and false to my ideal of eternal justice, to be even a silent party, to help propagate principles I do not believe.

As I understand it, every member of any society is pledged to support the principles of that society as long as his name is on their rolls; and the time has come when I cannot belong to any society that teaches (even by implication) the doctrine of the fall of man and endless punishment for any of God's creatures.

That there are thousands of good men and women in all our churches who hold the same views that I do and still think the wisest course is to remain and wait for a change of creeds, I freely admit. That there are others, good men and women also, who still cling to the old ark of faith, and think we are all wrong, I also realize. I honor and respect all of them and speak for none of them; I only speak for myself. From this time forth in my life my motto must be, "*Truth for Authority*, and not Authority for Truth."

Let me ask your pardon for taking up so much of your time. As I commenced this paper with a quotatation from Lowell, I will close it by another from the same source:

New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward, still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of *Truth*.
Lo! before us gleam her campfires!
We, ourselves must pilgrims be;
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly
Through the desperate, winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key.

Yours truly,
ALVIN JOINER.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

The Education Of Character.

Character is something deeper and more permanent than its external manifestations. It is more concerned with the principles that rule human conduct than with conduct itself. "Take care of the heart." says the Hebrew sage, for out of it flow all the streams of life;" heart here means that inward fountain of motives and purposes from which spring all our actions. The nature of the actions themselves entirely depends upon that of the motives; and the motives again take their coloring from the secret affections of the soul. If the soul is attached to things mean and sordid, the motives are necessarily impure and must be followed by actions that are mean and unworthy. The root of human character then lies deep in the inmost recesses of the human heart, and you cannot truly elevate human character without effecting a corresponding change in the realm of the affections.

What are we to do then for the education of the character of those who are growing up around us? The question of imparting merely intellectual and secular education to the young, is of secondary importance in comparison with the question of the education of character. It is not a difficult task to store the minds of the rising generations of Brahmo young men and women with information on varied subjects of knowledge. What we devoutly wish for and what seems to be really difficult, is to open up that fountain of goodness in them from which well up good principles and right actions in after life. To teach a boy or girl the doctrines of our faith is an easy affair in comparison with the difficult task of training the affections so as to implant a deep love of righteousness and purity in the soul. We cannot long keep them in absolute ignorance of the evils and temptations of life. They must take part in the battle of existence sooner or later. They must meet and conquer the world, if they mean to carve out for themselves noble and useful lives. Our duty is to instill into their minds such principles as will become in them a perennial source of right motives and noble impulses. And the education that would produce this result in them would alone be a real education of character. Let all Brahmo parents and teachers, who have the important charge of educating the young, think earnestly about this most serious duty.—*From the Indian Messenger; published by the Brahmo Samaj, Calcutta.*

LET us strive to learn the divine law of unity, the sanctities of the flesh, the holiness of the *here*. One may live in the divine presence of law, yet he is disloyal to that presence if he does not see that the law is also love, and that, if at any time their manifestations seem to be contradictory and irreconcilable, love is the senior judge on the bench and so outranks all others in authority.

FAITH and Endeavor are wings that carry souls to heaven.

The Study Table.

The under-mentioned books will be mailed, postage free, upon receipt of the advertised prices, by William R. Hill, Bookseller, 5 and 7 East Monroe St., Chicago.

"Stumbling Stones Removed from the Word of God." By Arthur T. Pierson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

The character of this little book is well shown by the following quotation: "Rev. J. H. Brookes, D. D., of St. Louis, once offered $500.00 reward to any one who would point out a single irreconcilable contradiction in the word of God. After four weeks study a skeptic claimed the reward; he had made the great discovery and here it is: Matt. 12:30, 'He that is not with me is against me,' Luke 9:50, 'He that is not against us is for us'" (!!). Like Hasting's tract on "The Inspiration of Scripture," This book may be useful to stop ignorant, brawling "skeptics" or "cavilers" (to use terms of frequent occurence in this sort of literature), but it is an insult to any thoughtful man to put such a book as this before him. Here is a sample of the way in which stumbling-blocks are removed, "The bears tare forty and two of them II Kings 2:24, *It is not said that they killed any of them* (!)" One of the strangest and saddest features of the book is that the author seems to be entirely ignorant of the fact that there is a Revised Version of the Bible in which many of the trifling discrepancies which he explains away have been silently and rightly corrected. It is incomprehensible that those who are stoutest in defense of verbal inspiration should ignore so completely that translation of the Bible which presents the original words most purely and faithfully. For one who believes in the infallibility of the original text to quote and use the so-called authorized instead of the Revised Version is illogical and dishonest. W. W. F.

"A NEW HELP FOR THE DRUNKARD," the sermon by Jenkin Llyod Jones, which was published in UNITY some weeks ago, has been put into pamphlet form with cover. It constitutes No. 22 of the Unity Library published by Charles H. Kerr & Co. and may be secured from them at the rate of 10 cents per copy. The pamphlet contains the following editorial note which is self-explanatory:

"Since the delivery of this discourse in All Souls Church, Chicago, November 27, and the partial publication of the same in the newspapers, the writer has received many testimonies from those who have been liberated from the thrall of alcohol by something they call, and believe to be, the "Keeley Cure." These testimonies are to his mind unimpeachable. The letters, with names and addresses, are available to any who desire to investigate farther.

"The writer has also received a few earnest and sometimes vehement protests from the medical profession. In these protests he is charged with presuming to give an opinion upon matters beyond his domain, *i. e.*, with talking about that of which he knows nothing. To such he has only to say that he did not presume to pass upon any question about which medical scientists or chemists are in dispute. Of human life he has presumed to speak. He knows the difference between a drunken man and a sober man. Because he has known many men who were once drunken but are now sober, he has spoken. That the medical men and other may know all that he said and only what he said, this sermon is now first published in full. May it lead others to think, to study and to act.

"The general title of 'APPLIED RELIGION' is placed on the title-page because this discourse may be followed, if time and strength permit, by the publication of three other discourses which might be fitly classified under the above head, to-wit: 1. Tobacco, the Second Intoxicant. 2. No Sex in Crime. 3. Not Institutions, but Homes: A Study in Charity.

BOYS and girls, do not "loaf" among books. The greatest indignity the inferior offers to the superior mind is to approach it in an indolent attitude.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice.

How Nature Cures. Comprising a New System of Hygiene: By Emmet Densmore M. D. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Stillman & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 413, $2.00.

Our Children of the Slums. By Annie Bronson King. New York and St; Paul: D. D. Merrill Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 54, 50 cents.

The Youth of Frederick the Great. By Ernest Lavisse. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 445, $2.00.

The Conways. By Effie W. Merriman. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Cloth, 12mo, pp. 303, $1.25.

Character Building Talks to Young Men. By Robert S. Barrett. New York: Thomas Whittaker, Leatherette, 18mo, pp. 78, 25 cents.

Church Door Pulpit.

Tobacco; the Second Intoxicant.

A Sermon Preached at All Souls Church, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Published by the Congregation.

"Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls."—*James 1:21.*

Friends, I bespeak your serious consideration of a matter too often parried with a joke. I come to you with a sober study of a subject too much trifled about. Tobacco, like all the great narcotics and stimulants, was hailed by the unsophisticated primitive man as a great boon; but, like the other blessings of this kind, from being misunderstood, has turned out to be a great curse. What was hailed as a helper has turned out to be an awful burden. The joy-giver has proved to be a terrible tyrant.

All the early literatures of mankind recognize the product of the vine as a divine gift. The Soma juice was the means by which the soul communicated with the celestial world. Bacchus was once an honored and honorable divinity. The Arabs called opium "God's best gift to man." So tobacco was early known as the "Sacred herb." Spenser called it "divine tobacco." Another early poet calls it "our holy herb, nicotian." Poor human nature! How delightful are its illusions, how painful its disillusions!

Tobacco is peculiarly an American contribution to the perplexities of the human race. Columbus discovered it in use. The cultivation of it was first introduced into Portugal by a French embassador, Nicot, and after him the leading product of the plant, the active element in it, the poison that is its charm and its blight, was called nicotine; and the scientific name of the genus is Nicotiana. From this small and poetic beginning its cultivation has grown to be one of the leading industries of modern life. It is estimated that the annual consumption of tobacco for the world averages more than four pounds a year to every human being on the globe. For the year ending June 30, 1887, the internal revenue commissioner reports 206,499,521 pounds of manufactured tobacco; 3,788,305,443 cigars, 1,584,505,200 cigarettes. This does not count those manufactured by the consumer. In that year alone, the value of the tobacco consumed in the United States was estimated at upwards of $331,000,000. Of course the trade has gone on increasing with tremendous rapidity since then. A more recent commercial estimate places the tobacco bill of the United States at $600,000,000. The Encyclopædia Britannica, basing its figures on the statistics of 1881, estimates from six to seven hundred thousand acres devoted to its cultivation in the United States alone. In most of the countries of Europe, tobacco in one form or another is made to yield an important part of the public revenue. France, Austria, Italy and Spain make a state monopoly of the cultivation. Spain indeed has been described as "one vast tobacco shop." Dr. Beard, a writer somewhat friendly to the weed, in his work on stimulants and narcotics, says "Tobacco is used by a larger number of the human race than any other article except salt and wine; its use is more universal than bread."

Surely so stupendous a product challenges a dignified consideration; it is a matter of profound interest, not only to the student of finance, but to the student of morals. This great physical commodity must have an incalculable influence upon the spiritual life of the world. I need ask no apology of religion, then for making it the subject of a sermon.

But the human mind is incapable of appreciating the significance of these great aggregations of figures, so let us begin at the near end; let each one of us try to take the subject home. This is a personal appeal to every man, woman and child whom my words may reach, for it is a subject that concerns each one, and one that lays a duty, a stern responsibility, upon every soul.

Beginning at the bottom round, I beg you to discard the tobacco tyranny because it is an idle habit; it diverts the mind that ought to be ever alert and alive to living privileges and issues. Tobacco supplants matters more precious and more joy-giving. I do not believe there is an intelligent physician in the city of Chicago, who will undertake to justify, much less prescribe, the habitual use of tobacco to any one. As a powerful poison, it may have its place in the materia-medica of science, but of that I need not speak; the most that any one tries to say in extenuation of the tobacco habit is that it is a "small vice," an "innocent indulgence." Is that a small vice that binds you with bands of iron, a small vice that pursues you with unrelenting tyranny every day of your life, which banishes you a certain number of hours every day to self-indulgent solitudes, or, which takes the place of other activities and other enjoyments more refining, more cultivating?

In the second place, I beg of you to flee from the habit that is so filthy; I dare not speak my full heart on this matter. We, who believe that beauty is one element in the gospel that is to save men; we who claim that cleanliness is Godliness should have no quarter for that habit that befouls the body, bespatters the floor, taints the air and suggests dirt and dirtiness wherever it goes. "Brethern," said Bishop McTyere of the Methodist Episcopal church, presiding over an annual conference in Georgia, "if you must chew, use your hats for spittoons." If you yourself are reconciled to the filth within and without what right have you to befoul the very air that others are compelled to breathe? I will not push this argument further. It is beneath the dignity of this occasion to argue an obvious principle; to urge that which every one admits. Were there no other argument against the use of tobacco, this alone of cleanliness, the desire to enhance the beauty of the world, this passion of the intelligent for order, the thirst of the spiritual for refinment, ought to drive it from the mouths and nostrils of civilized man. It should exclude it from his pockets, banish it from his home. If there must be a smoking-room anywhere, put it in the barn, and when you smoke change your clothes, as you do when you groom the horse so that the smell of the stable, the more respectable of the two, may not mar the fragrance of that place called home, the purity of the air that ought to pervade the sacred precincts of the fireside. Said Dr. Adam Clarke, "Were I to make an offering to the devil, I would kill a pig, stuff it with tobacco and offer it to him roasted." It is said that wolves, buzzards and cannibals leave with disgust the dead body of the tobacco user. It is well known that moths, plant-lice and sheep-ticks, either escape from its presence or die from its poison.

In the third place, I beg you to consider the expense of the habit as a moral argument against it. Let us not try to take in the great aggregates; it is better to bring it down within the reach of your own petty cash-book. I have been interviewing a tobacconist in the neighborhood, and he tells me that the daily laborer who buys the cheapest tobacco, and whose duties prevent his smoking except when not at work, cannot get through with his pipe for less than fifteen cents a week. Such almost always console their working hours with a quid, and a thirty-five cent plug of chewing tobacco is a small allowance for a week's rations.

This makes fifty cents per week or twenty-six dollars a year, which this toiler spends simply upon himself in a way which does not increase his energy, his love of thought or his appreciation of society. Four hundred and fifty dollars is this man's maximum earnings for a year. The average family for such a man is at least six; this gives seventy-five dollars apiece to meet life's necessities, more than one-third of his own proportion he burns and chews while his children are suffering for want of shoes and his wife is pale and petulant for want of an occasional touch of beauty in her life. The home, barren of books and pictures, must have its consuming pipe and dirty spittoon in it. This is saying nothing of the deadly contagion which belongs to these vices, how they call one upon the other. The pipe beckons to the mug. But alas, I fear there are no such workingmen within my hearing this morning, and therein lies a shame and a blame somewhere. There are none here who smoke the "five cents a package" kind of tobacco. The *refined* young man, the clerk for instance, whose income is five or six hundred a year, smokes ten cent cigars on the street, and in his room economizes with a pipe, tobacco at ten cents a package. My neighbor, the tobacconist, says that few such men get along for less than twenty cents a day; most of his customers, he tells me, are young men from fifteen to thirty years. The majority of them have not money enough about them to buy their cigars by the box, so he says twenty cents a day is a low estimate for their average expenditure. This makes in round numbers seventy-five dollars a year. Let us give this kind of a smoker (and this kind is probably in this audience this morning) a thousand a year; with this he is probably trying to support a wife and child. One-thirteenth of his income goes into this habit which he will admit is idle and filthy; the most he will pretend for it is that it does him no harm. Seventy-five dollars a year for tobacco! That man has neither money nor time to join the Unity Club. We all know that five or ten dollars subscription to the church he believes in is a generous annual payment. He has no money for a vacation. His wife seldom sees the country, and still he has seventy-five dollars a year for smoke. But this is minimum; it is the estimate of one who smokes but two cigars a day. The dealer says that the average business man who is a fair customer smokes from five to eight ten cent cigars a day; bnt he may be thrifty and buy them by the box, for which he will pay, perhaps, three dollars and fifty cents, which makes them seven cents apiece, say forty cents a day, or one hundred and fifty dollars a year. A young man not twenty-four years old, refined and intelligent, in the tobacco store where I went for information, said he spent one dollar a week for cigarettes. I put it to you, gentlemen, are there any of you who pay a hundred dollars a year for tobacco? How does that compare with your subscriptions to any public interest whatsoever, charity, school or church? How does it compare with your annual investment in books, your visits to the theatre, art gallery or opera? Our hearts go out to the toiler. We feel the burdens of the home-maker. Who does not know much of the anxiety of modern life that grows out of unpaid grocers' bills, interest on the mortgage, or the swift recurring monthly payment on the home? How the heart of modern man yearns for the privileges he has no money to buy. How he would like to listen to those lectures, to take his wife to that opera. Oh if he had but money to send the boy to college, or to give the girl a boy's chance in the world! And then that "rainy day" unprovided for! How it dims the brightness of the sun on a cloudless day. That old age which is surely coming when the bread-winning power will leave the hand and no other provision made for bread. This brings an anxiety oftentimes more real and profound than one's anxiety over his eternal welfare on the other side, and still these burdens are carried by tens of thousands of men in this city of Chicago who burn annually from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars a year in tobacco. I will not presume that these can go into the expert work of compounding interest. Let them use nothing but the old-fashioned cast-iron savings bank, or the traditional stocking, and in thirty years the poorest smoker will have seven hundred and fifty dollars to lighten his life, and the man who spends one hundred dollars a year will have three thousand dollars on hand. Such improvidence is wicked; such indulgence is criminal. The toiler may call for better wages, shorter hours (and I will join in the call,) but there will come no relief that is permanent and elevating until he learns the thrift of appetite, acquires freedom from these task-masters of the body. He must "lay by the superfluity of naughtiness."

But money does not represent the greatest loss. Says Thackeray, "The fact is that the cigar is a rival of the ladies, and their conqueror, too." Deliberately men daily tear themselves from the refining and helpful companionship of men and women that they may enjoy in solitude the stupefying consolations of the pipe and the cigar. The smoking-room, the smoking-car, represent the coarse power of tobacco, when men, otherwise cleanly and refined, deliberately choose to absent themselves from the amenities of the parlor, the home-fireside and the library, to stifle body and mind in the fumes of nicotine. The Chinese have their opium Joints, the American has his club-house, where both obscure themselves from the free intercourse of the world for a like reason; one to narcotize himself with opium, the other with tobacco. Said James Parton, "are we getting to be Turks? The Turks shut women in; we shut them out. The Turks build harems for their women, but we find it necessary to abandon to women our abode and construct harems for ourselves. It is the cigar and the pipe that enable men to endure one another during the whole of a long evening; remove from every Club-house all the means of intoxication, all the wine and tobacco and seven out of every ten would cease to exist in one year." Thus, tobacco reconciles us to what we ought to rebel against, makes us contented with our stupidity, satisfies us with our low ideas, contents us with a routine that we ought to break ever and anon with flashes of discontent, a holy restlessness, a divine struggle for rarer excellence. "Oh!" but it is said, "the pipe is so soothing, it enables one to get through the day. But you have no business to be soothed in that way; you want to get the day through you; you want to be in the saddle and not under the horse's feet.

But this is dealing with the outside. Let us arise to the main question. The active element in tobacco is a poison, a deadly poison, and therein lies its power to please and its power to kill. I will not pretend to deal technically with the sub-

Fortunately, there is but one to this question. Science has sked the god and revealed him true feature, a devil. There is ne opinion among medical men, hat is that nicotine, the active nt in tobacco, is a poison, rank ctive, and therein lies its power il; therein lies its tyranny over uman will. Like most poisons, s the power of creating a false ite, of making itself more and necessary to its victim. To- belongs to the long list in alcohol, opium, hasheesh, and tea belong. What its on as a medicine may be, it is e doctors to decide; in that line ave large use for poisons. But ines are not food; the horse can- ve on spurs; the load cannot be nently drawn by whips. Two of the oil of tobacco placed on ngue of a squirrel would kill it minute; the cat, which is said ve nine lives, can be killed in me way in three minutes. A pping into the water in which cco victim has bathed, dies in- y. Hold a white paper over the of a cigar, and the soot red that way will throw a cat paralysis. A Frenchman d his pipe with his knife and cut his finger before it was , and his life was saved only by ating his arm. The *Popular Monthly* is authority for saying here is nicotine enough in one to kill two men, if directly ad- ered. The athlete well knows depraves muscle. No smoker wed in the college rowing clubs. surance agents are beginning account of this habit in writing ir risks. Of the nineteen men erished in Lieutenant Greeley's tion to the Arctic regions, all e were smokers, and that one e last to die. Six out of the survivors were non-smokers. e small-pox hospitals, the and the chewer have a hard it. A friend said of the bril- Matt Carpenter, "He died of g twenty cigars a day." Of the younger the victim, the pernicious the effect, and when e to cigars and cigarettes, we bacco reinforced by a long list r poisons. Into the cigars go st, licorice, valerian and the ean which contains a deadly In cigarettes these are aug- by arsenic, paper and other ations.

blight of intellect is as appar- the blight of body under this Tobacco, particularly the e, threatens the intellectual our schools. In 1862 Emperor Napoleon, noting the rapid in- of paralytics and lunatics run- rallel with the rapid increase use of tobacco, appointed a sion to investigate matters. divided the students in the University into two classes, and non-smokers, and found riking evidence of the debili- effect of tobacco that on one ay he caused the pipes of housand young men in Paris be broken, and ordered the on of all known smokers from ol. Said our neighbor, Sena- little, in an address before the epartment of the Wisconsin ity, "I believe the mental force, of labor and endurance of our on is decreased at least twenty- cent by the use of tobacco." ncipal of Phillips' Academy has Tobacco is the bane of our and colleges; the boys go nder its use in scholarship, respect, in self-control. It f the fine edge of the mind, the manners and dulls the ense." A study of the at Yale College in the senior ne years ago, showed that out of forty in the first division ten smoked, while in the fourth and lowest division, twenty-two out of twenty-six smoked. Surely Lord Bacon had prophetic insight into the workings of the human mind; he anticipated the demonstrations of science when he said, "To smoke is a secret delight serving to steal away men's brains."

Says the *Scalpel*, an English medical authority, "If there is a vice more prostrating to the body and mind, more crucifying to all the sympathies of the spiritual nature of man, we have yet to be convinced of it. A Cincinnati physician has been making a careful study of the employés in the tabacco factories in the city. His report is not yet printed, I believe; when it is fully given, it is expected that it will create much interest. Already he has announced that out of three thousand employés, he finds that ninety-five per cent suffer from eye trouble of nicotine origin.

It is time we turn to the more difficult question, is there a remedy, is there any escape from this great tyrant, the second intoxicant of the world? Moralists have heretofore been content by an appeal to the human will; much has been, and much will be accomplished by this. The soul has mighty power over the passions and appetites of the body; it can lift emaciated forms from languishing beds, and send them out to fight and die on the battle field, all out of enthusiasm for a holy cause; it can turn upon a mighty appetite and throttle it; grapple with a lifelong habit and break it. That appeal is always in order, and I say to you, smoker and chewer, victims of a habit which you, with all other right minded men and women must deplore; you *can* get rid of it. Some masterful impulse, some unexpected vantage ground of resolve may give you the victory. A friend of mine, an habitual smoker, who, time and time again, had tried to release himself from the thrall, picked up his morning paper and read the startling and painful headlines, "Charles Sumner is dead." Under the stimulus of the shock, not knowing what he did, he threw his lighted cigar into the grate; a moment after when he saw it burning on the coals, he said, "Let it stay there; let him who lived to such high purposes die to somebody's gain," and he conquered and never again smoked.

"Give me a l-l-light," said a drunken man to Doctor Cox, a friend of John Quincy Adams, on shipboard. He handed him the cigar, received it back and threw it overboard. Never again, he said, would he foul himself with so odious a sin and vulgar a comradship. John Quincy Adams himself was once a slave and then a free man. He said, "I wish that every individual of the human race could try the experiment I did; thus turn every acre of tobacco land into a wheat field and add five years to the average of human life."

But it as true of the tobacco habit as of the drink habit; that it is primarily a question of science before it is a question of morals. It is a matter for the physician rather than the preacher. The man who cannot get along without his cigar is a sick man, made sick by habitual poisoning; he needs to be cured, not reformed. Science must undo what science has done. All the Keeley patients that I have talked with say that there is a time in the history of their treatment when the lust for tobacco is gone, with the lust for liquor. If they knew it at the time, or wished it, they might cut the double thong at once; but, with their attention fixed only on the first intoxicant, or, as one of them put it, "not wishing to become too good at once," they woo back the second tyrant and still continue in the wretched thrall of the second intoxicant. Doctor Keeley claims that he has a sure cure for the nicotine habit, and for five dollars you can get remedies which, if faithfully followed, will put you on your feet, a man again, in regard to this filthy habit, and give you from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars a year to spend for your mental and moral development, to increase your church subscriptions, and do other good things. I am convinced many have found release thus. There are many other specifics advertised; doubtless some of them are villainous frauds, I think others are effective. Indeed I believe that there is scarcely an intelligent practitioner but can successfully cure any man of the tobacco disease if he puts himself in his hands and follow his prescriptions as faithfully as he would if he were suffering from sciatica or typhoid liver.

The mighty pestilence is abroad, the great unrelenting wheels of commerce go on crushing its victims without compunction and without reproach. Something must be done to stop this mal-use of Nature's forces. We must make disreputable this business of dealing in stinking drugs that stupefy intellects and make the social instincts stolid. When we think of the tremendous combines of the breweries, the mighty aristocracy of the tobacconists of the millions of revenue from the traffic that our government delights in, and the still arrogant monopolies of other governments over this trade; when we remember the mighty opium traffic which the British government forced into China, and which to-day it pushes into its Indian domains by compelling every one holding a license to sell so much or pay a forfeit, when we think of the 670,000,000 of Asia's people thus cursed by Christian Europe, we see how futile is any thought of cure of individual victims until we can somehow stop the malarial river, reduce the flow of the poison stream through the human continents. How is this to be done? Something, nay, much, can be done by intelligent and just legislation; certainly the traffic created by law for the support of the government can be condemned and checked by law for the good of the government. If the law makes it a crime for a man to murder a family with chloroform or cold lead, for money's sake, the time will come when the law will just as clearly condemn the man who murderously puts nicotine in the way of the incompetent minor for money's sake. Many attempts have been made to get back this nicotine brood of evils into the Pandora box of Nature, from which science has released them. Pope Urban the VIII. issued a Bull against smoking and snuff-taking. In 1603 King James I. issued "A counterblaste to tobacco." He said tobacco made "a kitchen oftentimes in the inward parts of men, soiling and infecting with an unctuous and oyly kind of soote as hath been said found in some great tobacco takers that after death were opened." "A custom loathsome to the eye, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless. Surely," he says, "tobacco is the living image and pattern of hell." A Sultan of Turkey once made the use of tobacco a capital offense. The Shah of Persia, in the seventeenth century, proclaimed that every soldier in whose possession tobacco was found should have his lips cut; while in the same century Massachusetts ordered that "no person shall take tobacco publicly, and any one shall pay one penny for every time he is convicted of taking tobacco in any place." All this is but turning water on to the fire when the house is ablaze. It is trying to dam the Mississippi at its mouth. We must get way back of this somewhere. The root of these poison problems is akin to the root of our labor troubles and sweating-shop iniquities. The canons of trade do not run parallel with the canons of equity; certain laws of commerce have been considered legitimate among men which have been pronounced illegitimate by the divine voice of the universe. To right these things we must again turn to science, beg the Universities to help the Churches; the professors must come in to re-inforce the preachers. Together they must erect a moral standard so high that the Wisconsin farmer will not dare defy that standard by turning his clover meadows and corn fields into tobacco fields, as has been done with the garden counties of that state, simply because he can realize a few more dollars an acre on his year's work. No more in the face of this standard will our dry-goods merchants down town dare to send their cloaks where they will get them made for the least money. The figures of selfishness are overwhelming. The cigarette trade increases alarmingly because there is so much money in it. In order to increase this money-making power, manufacturers unblushingly doctor the villainous original with still more villainous sauces and will add an impure picture to every package in order to expedite the sale of the same, thus poisoning mind and body of your boy at once. Let us pity the boy and imprision the man who poisoned him. Let us cure the sick victim, and expel by a moral sentiment, the speculator who gets not only his living, but the living of thousands of others in this unholy business. I look forward to the time when, by the help of science, the tobacconist's business shall be degraded to as low a level as is the whiskey business now, when the millionaire tobacconist and the multi-millionaire brewer shall be considered as disreputable as gamblers, and when they shall be relegated to the same contempt by people of wholesome morals. It is estimated that there are 25,000 people in Chicago addicted to the opium habit, and "leading druggists" say that their principal customers are ladies. "Leading druggists!" (note the phrase), members of a reputable profession, who are enjoying the confidences of the medical men of the city, getting rich on a trade that all medical men condemn, making money out of these poor, sick and silly women. The primal temptation, then, is this temptation of the dollar.

The plague of gold strikes far and near,
And deep and strong it enters.
This purple chimer which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's:
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange,
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change.
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God.

I know not how the laws of trade are to be ultimately formulated or by whom they are to be made, but I do know that this war between the Exchange and the gospel, between business and religion, commerce and the humanities, cannot continue always, and the gospel, religion, humanity, are the perennial forces. Selfishness must grow considerate one of these days, and the question will be not "How rich is he?" but "How did he make his riches?" And in order to bring this day, let us send our children into the laboratories, let our public school teachers give to our children not the disputed points, but the settled commonplaces of hygiene and physiology; those in which all the doctors agree concerning nicotine, opiates and alcohol. Let the fell history of tobacco be taught even though something of the physical geography of Madagas-

car be omitted. Let the life-destroying power of nicotine be taught, if need be, by wise experiments and every other legitimate means, even though the order of the English kings, and the methods of computing percentage be a little obscure in the examination papers. Let our divinity schools be well equipped with chairs in sociology, economics, and physical and mental therapeutics, even to the neglect of hermeneutics and homiletics, and let our pulpits, if need be, neglect awhile the conditions of the soul after death while they try to teach souls before death the beauty of holiness, the divine fragrance of a clean life here, the heavenly aroma of a wholesome body, fed with nutritious foods and clothed in sensible garb. Above all let them enforce by example the precepts they teach. It is in the interests of this practical and practicing religion that I have pleaded with you and with myself. In behalf of our homes, our city and our world, in the interests of our business, as well as of the church and religion, let us "lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls."

Notes from the Field.

Notice.

Items of interest will always be gladly received for this department of UNITY, and will be published so far as the space at our command allows. We wish to make these notes a report of church news, and of such activities and experiments as offer suggestion or ortherwise have interest for the workers in the field at large. These communications should be addressed to the "Editors of UNITY," and should bear the signature of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but that we may be assured of the source of our information. We can not publish personal or other news anonymously sent us.

Pacific Northwest Conference.—The "Pacific North Western Conference of Unitarian and other Liberal Christian Churches" held its first session at Olympia, Washington, January 25th and 27th. This conference was organized at Puyallup, last August, and it carries the names of Joseph Shippen and Samuel Collyer as President and Vice-President, names familiar to the Unitarians of Chicago and elsewhere, and Rev. E. M. Wilbur, Assistant Pastor of our church at Portland, Oregon, is Secretary and Treasurer. The program was opened by a fine sermon from T. L. Eliot of Portland, on Wednesday evening. Thursday morning the devotional meeting was opened by Rev. Mr. Martin of Tacoma, after which there came an address from President Shippen, reports from societies, discussion of missionary and business plans. In the afternoon there were three addresses, one on "Methods in Religious Thought" by W. G. Eliot, Jr., one on "The Science of Right Living" by A. W. Martin, one on the "Progress of Liberal Thought in the Evangelical Denominations" by Rev. Wm. Mitchell. In the afternoon there was discussion of "Our Gospel and Mission" in which several laymen took part. Friday morning the religious education of the young was discussed by Mr. Wilbur and Mr. W. G. Eliot, Jr. Among the business transactions were resolutions commemorative of Phillips Brooks, urging the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday, limiting the exemption from tax of church property to $5,000 according to the laws of Washington, and the appointment of a committee of five by the Chair to "amend the constitution of the Conference" so that the First Free Church of Tacoma and other Liberal societies may be legitimately and consistently identified with the Conference. This resolution, seconded by Dr. Eliot of Portland, was unanimously adopted. This shows that catholicity of spirit which represents the hopeful and growing side of Unitarianism. Readers of UNITY will look with great interest for the report of this committee and the action of the same at the next meeting of the Conference which is to be held at Seattle next Spring. If this Conference tries to make itself co-extensive with the liberal sentiment and the free spirit that seek the religion of character within its territory, it has a large constituency at hand and a noble career before it; but if it should attempt to differentiate a Unitarianism bounded by certain words and doctrines, which by reference will be sure tests of fellowship, thus separating itself by exclusion, from those who are working along the lines of free thought in religion, its future will be beset with annoyances, and its usefulness will be questionable. What is true of this Conference is true of all Unitarian Conferences East or West. J.

Des Moines Ia.—The annual meeting of the Unitarian church was held on the evening of Jan. 17. Supper was served by the ladies, and the reports of the different organizations and committees were given afterwards as the people sat at table. These reports were full of encouragement and marked a new era in the church, for which much credit is due the minister, Mr. Harvey.

There were full reports from the trustees, then the various clubs were heard from.

The Unitarian Club, through its secretary, made an especially excellent report, giving reviews of several of the most able papers read before it during the half-year. This club is for men, meets once a month, and is organized and conducted upon the broadest possible lines. The report from the Woman's section of Unity Club showed that branch in a flourishing condition. This club, for literary culture in the main, has also charge of the monthly church suppers, meets a portion of the running expense of the church, and has newly carpeted the church parlors. It is the strongest organization in the society here, and always has enthusiasm in its soul and money in its treasury. The Unity Club, for men and women, the Unitarian Social Circle, and the Sunday-school made reports of interest. The reports showed that during the past six months, through the generous efforts of a few persons having at heart the success of liberal religion in Des Moines, money had been raised for the maintenance of a good church choir for the present season, and also for the painting of the exterior of the church building. The outlook here for the permanent life of Unitarianism and the various lines of activity growing out of it, has never been so promising as now.

Neillsville, Wis.—The pretty church of the Unitarian Society here was dedicated on Friday evening, February 2. The sermon, by Rev. T. B. Forbush, was upon "The Glorious Gospel of the Living God." Rev. Lloyd Skinner, of Eau Claire, and Rev. F. L. Hosmer also took part in the service. There was an afternoon platform meeting on the next day, in which the foregoing ministers took part, together with Rev. Mr. Davis, of Winona, and Messrs. Neill and Youmans, of Neillsville. In the evening Mr. Hosmer gave a sermon upon "The Fatherhood of God." The attendance at these meetings was most creditable to the interest taken in this movement, notwithstanding the mercury dropped to twenty-nine degrees below zero. The new church edifice is one of the results of Mr. Owen's two years of service in this town, and bears witness to the regard of the people for him and his work. The ladies of the society served a supper in the basement of the church on the second evening, after the services above, and this pleasant gathering closed the dedication festival. The new church is pronounced the prettiest in the town.

Nashua, N. H.—The Unitarian church has extended a call to Rev. Enoch Powell, of Topeka, Kan., the present missionary of the American Unitarian Association for Kansas and Nebraska.

The Committee on Fellowship.—The Committee on Fellowship of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches wishes us to publish the following:

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1893.

The Rev. J. H. Mueller, late of the Congregationalist ministry, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches. W. L. CHAFFIN, Chairman.
D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1893.

The Rev. F. E. Matlock, late of the Congregationalist ministry, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches W. L. CHAFFIN, Chairman,
D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

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makes no difference what kind. Using greasy and inferior soaps is one road to premature decay—sore hands—sore hearts—clothes never clean. Not so when

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Mr. Van Ornum is an individualist of the schoo Herbert Spencer, but with a difference, and the ference is that he carries individualism to its log outcome, instead of stopping timidly at some way point. Dispassionately and philosophically discusses the effect of the action of governmen all its functions, the treatment of crime, public cation, public works, and the most important f tion of all, "to make two-thirds of the people pa much as possible for the support of the other thi His conclusion is that the real effect of governm action is to injure whatever it touches. He cl with the suggestion of a remedy peaceable, co tutional, yet far-reaching, which can be applie soon as the people of the nation, state or town ready for it.

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"All the writers are to be accounted among vanced thinkers, all are able men, all treat of jects of living interest in the present age, all supposed to be tolerant, if not indulgent, to other views, and all will be sure to stir some thought-vibrations in the mind of almost any re whether he or she shall always coincide with views expressed or not."—*Sunday Oregonian.*

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"One of the most systematic, concise an prehensive presentations in popular form foundation and theory of evolution; excelle cinct, interesting."—*Public Opinion.*

Silhouettes from Life. On the F in the Backwoods. By Anson Urie cock, author of "The Genius of Ga "Old Abraham Jackson," etc. $1.00. *In press.*

The title of the stories and sketches in this are An Elm Creek Sunday, The Squire Paper, The "Swamp-Angel's" Yarn, Lawe Town, How the Horse-thief Escaped, Deali a Fair Client, How the Crowd Got Out, A Log house Meeting, The Sugar Bush, A Backwo day, Old Mr. Drake's Courtship, Winter Backwoods. A review in the Cleveland *Pl* of the author's previous book in the same fi "It is an unpretending story of life in a settlement, sketching the people and the the ordinary incidents and the occasional episodes of such a community. There is tense at literary grace, but a homely sim style that suits the subject."

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un.—To be immortal is not to be the same, but another higher self every day.

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ues.—Through aspiration the soul has for outfit a life-preserver in its own conscious tie with its Author.

ed.—Life is the test of honor or shame to our faith.

hurs.—Shall I cling to the skirts of Jesus, if God sees nothing worth saving in myself?

i.—Spiritual immortality is the unselfing of the soul.

t.—The light remains, fall the shadows how they will.

—*C. A. Bartol.*

"One, Two, Three."

was an old, old, old, lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
d the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

e couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
r he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

ey sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
d the game that they played I'll tell you,
ust as it was told to me.

was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing
Though you'd never have known it to be—
th an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

e boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
d he'd guess where she was hiding,
n guesses One, Two, Three!

"ou are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"ou are up in Papa's big bed room,
n the chest with the queer old key!"
d she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

t can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be—
it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

en she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
d she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

d they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
s old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
is dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

. C. Bunner, in Scribner's Magazine.

Original Compositions.

As a general thing the girl or boy tender years dislikes writing com-sitions, and the subjects furnished many large schools are far from uring. What, for instance, could ry youthful minds make of "Edu-tion?" A small girl who con-entiously applied herself to the task ally produced the valuable idea that ducation is a very good thing, and e which every child should be ight." "Whale ships," wrote a y, who had a more congenial sub-t, "are large, and have an hold in ich a lubber is stored." If a land-ber, this is scarcely to be wondered; but the composition-maker was idently writing of blubber under a ong name. Another youth said at "Julius Cæsar invented Great itain, 55 B. C.," while an equally omplished historian explained that Ethelred the Unready was called at because he was never ready for e Danes. He used to entice them ay from England by bribing them, t they used to come again and de-nda larger bride." William Rufus uld certainly deny, if he had the wer, that "he was gorged to death by tag in the forest his father had made hunt the deer;" and Joan of Arc uld hardly have liked to hear that she was the daughter of a rustic French pheasant which lived in the forest." "Prince William was drowned in a but of Malmsey wine; he never laughed again,"—a result which no reasonable person would find fault with.—*Harper's Young People.*

Better than Advice.

The other day, when a horse drawing a cartful of coal got stalled on West Street, the public was promptly on hand with advice.

"Put on the whip!" shouted the driver of an express wagon.

"Take him by the head!" added a truckman.

"If that was my hoss," said a man with a bundle of clothes under his arm, "I'd tie a cloth over his eyes. I've seen it tried a hundred times, and it makes 'em pull their best."

"Don't believe it," said a man with a cane. "I've owned horses all my life, and I've had some bad ones among them. The only thing to do is to blow into his right ear."

"You mean the left," said a small man with a very thin voice.

"No. I don't! I mean the right ear. I've tried it often enough, I guess."

A crowd of fifty people had gathered, and now the driver got down and looked the ground over. One wheel was down in a rut. He stood looking at it, his hand on the horse's hip, and everybody around him tendering advice, when a couple of sailors came along and one of them called out,—

"Ay! mate, but here's a craft on a reef."

"Over with her, then."

Both seized a wheel for a lift, the driver clucked for the horse to go ahead, and away went the load as easy as you please. They were the only two of the whole crowd who had not advised the driver how to do it.—*New York Sun.*

EAT oysters only in those months which include an R in their names, and only drink wine in those which have a W.

"This is my single day, God lends to leaven
What were all earth else with a feel of heaven."

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Remedy for colds, coughs, and the common disorders of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is universally recommended by the profession. It breaks up the phlegm, soothes inflammation, allays painful symptoms, and induces repose. In bronchitis and pneumonia, it affords speedy relief, and is unrivaled as a prompt and effective

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BY REV. F. W. N. HUGENHOLTZ.

Twenty-second Lesson.

The Wandering Jew and his Literature.

What is the meaning of the names "Proselytes of Righteousness" and Proselytes of the Gate"?

What is the Septuagint, and what its scientific value?

What are canonical Books! What is meant in Matt. v: 17 by the Law and the Prophets? Which books formed together the third collection of the writings?"

"What are Apocryphal Books, what are their titles and which of them are the most valuable?

What was Philo Indacus? How did he succeed in finding the Greek philosophy of his days in the Old Testament? How do the ideas of this Jewish philosopher help to explain the prologue of the Fourth Gospel?

In which book do we find the purely Jewish thought from the second to the fifth century after Christ? What are the Meshnah and the Gemarah*? What is truth and what Christian presumption in the legend of the wandering Jew? What is the immortal merit of the religion of Israel?

FOR THE YOUNGER CLASSES.

As the time in which the Jewish nation was being crushed down by the Roman supremacy in the Jewish country. The Jews as individuals were often highly esteemed. Many heathens were converted to Judaism, either as "proselytes of righteousness" or as "proselytes of the gate." Many Jews sold as slaves at Rome and elsewhere, after a short time received their freedom from their Roman masters, partly because their obstinate adherence to their law made them a nuisance in a Roman household, partly because their Roman skeptics admired in them the firmness of their religious convictions. May be that in this way the apostle Paul had received his rights of a Roman citizen as an inheritance of his father, a liberated Jewish slave.

Nowhere else were the Jews more highly respected, or received more privileges than at Alexandria, the capital of Egypt. One of the Egyptian kings seems even to have given financial aid toward the making of the Greek translation of the Old Testament. What is its name? This version had become necessary by the fact that many Jews had forgotten their mother-tongue. Some of the most civilized among them knew the writings of the Greek philosophers just as well as their own sacred books.

Perhaps in the course of time they might have become absorbed in the different nations, but for the contempt with which the Christians excluded them from their social intercourse, yea a long time persecuted them with stupid fanaticism. Their growing more numerous notwithstanding these sufferings gave birth to the legend of the wandering Jew, who wished to, but could not die. Tell it, but tell at the same time that there may better explications of the splendid vitality of the Jewish race. Not as a proof divine work which forced them to live, and to bear forever a life of misery, but rather as a proof of the survival of the fittest, or providentially spoken, in order that they may continue to bestow upon the world all the good things, in which they are excelling.

Even in our days so-called Christians are glorifying their religious zeal in their anti-Jewish Semitic movements and measures. Let it be our glory, as it was that of Lessing in his "Nathan the Wise," to hail whatever is noble and human in every people, and to honor in the Jews above above all their practical piety, their unifying of religion and virtue.

*In UNITY p. 181 this word was misprinted.

All cannot possess a

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in the shape of a coin, but many can have **fac-similes** of this valuable work of art—only special coin ever issued by the U. S. Government—for $1 each.

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and sell them direct to the people, thus realizing $5,000,000, and using the additional money for the further development of the Fair.

Considering the fact that there were but *5,000,000* of these coins to be distributed amomg *65,000,000* people, in this country alone (to say nothing of the foreign demand,) and that many have already been taken, those wishing to purchase these mementoes of our Country's Discovery and of the grandest Exposition ever held, should secure as many as they desire at once.

For Sale Everywhere

Realizing that every patriotic American will want one or more of these coins, and in order to make it convenient for him to get them, we have made arrangements to have them sold throughout the country by all the leading Merchants and Banks. If not for sale in your town, send $1.00 each for *not less than five coins*, by Post-office or Express Money-order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft, with instructions how to send them to you, *all charges prepaid*, to

Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

Publisher's Notes.

MR. B. F. UNDERWOOD, who is well known to UNITY'S readers as a brilliant thinker and a competent critic, writes as follows of a book recently published from this office. "While I regard government, to use the words of Godwin, as 'an indispensable necessity.' Mr. Van Ornum's work WHY GOVERNMENT AT ALL? has interest and value for me, as an earnest and honest discussion of social, industrial and economic questions, and as an exposure of some of the evils which results from coercion and restriction. The work will help its readers to understand that we have too much government. Government is the measure of man's distance from the ideal. The legislation most needed in this country is the repeal of hundreds of laws which hamper without helping the people. Mr. Van Ornum makes this clear."

We have just received from Boston a supply of a new book entitled, "The Coming Religion," by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, of San Francisco. It is a handsome cloth volume published at one dollar, for which price we can mail it to any address. The subjects of the chapters are The Religion of Jesus; or the Gospel of Love. The Religion of Science; or the Gospel of Evolution. The Religion of Humanity; or the Gospel of Socialism. Reconciliation. What each Religion is Contributing toward the Coming Religion.

UNITY receives frequent applications from editors of local newspapers to exchange. We are unable to grant these requests for the reason that the special character of UNITY makes it impossible for our editors to make use of local exchanges. We shall be glad to send UNITY for a year, however, to any local editor who will give us an equivalent in the way of inserting the following advertisement, a plate of which we will send postpaid on application.

Theodore Parker, the great Boston preacher, whose brave struggle for freedom in thought and deed has made his name a watchword of progress, left behind him a priceless legacy in the glowing passages of unpublished sermons which Rufus Leighton, his stenographer, gathered after his death into *Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man*, a handsome volume of 430 large pages, with Parker's portrait. Cloth, $1.25; paper, 50 cents, at the bookstores.

Liberty and Life, by E. P. Powell, is a volume of clear, simple, eloquent discourses explaining the changes in religious thought that are made necessary by the conclusions of modern science. To those who care for religion, but realize the absurdities of much in popular theology, LIBERTY AND LIFE will be helpful—inspiring. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents, at the bookstores.

UNITY A weekly journal of a religion that is rational and a rationalism that is religious. Thirty-two columns, including a liberal sermon or lecture, a review of current events and a number of timely editorial and contributed articles. UNITY'S motto is, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." $1.00 a year.

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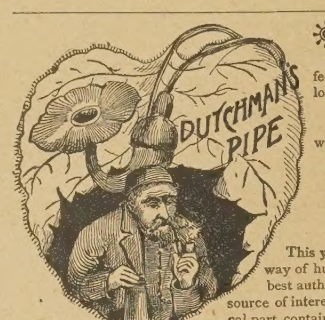

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